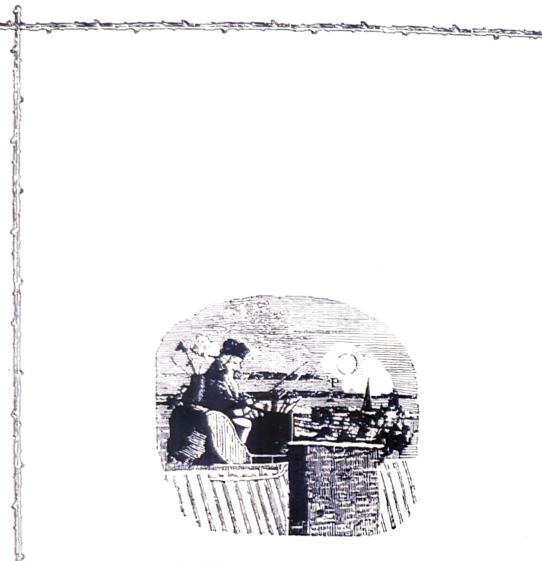




# SANTA GLAUS.





SANTA CLAUS'S VISIT.

### VISIT FROM

# ST. MICHOLAS.

BY

CLEMENT C. MOORE, LL.D.

With Original Cuts,

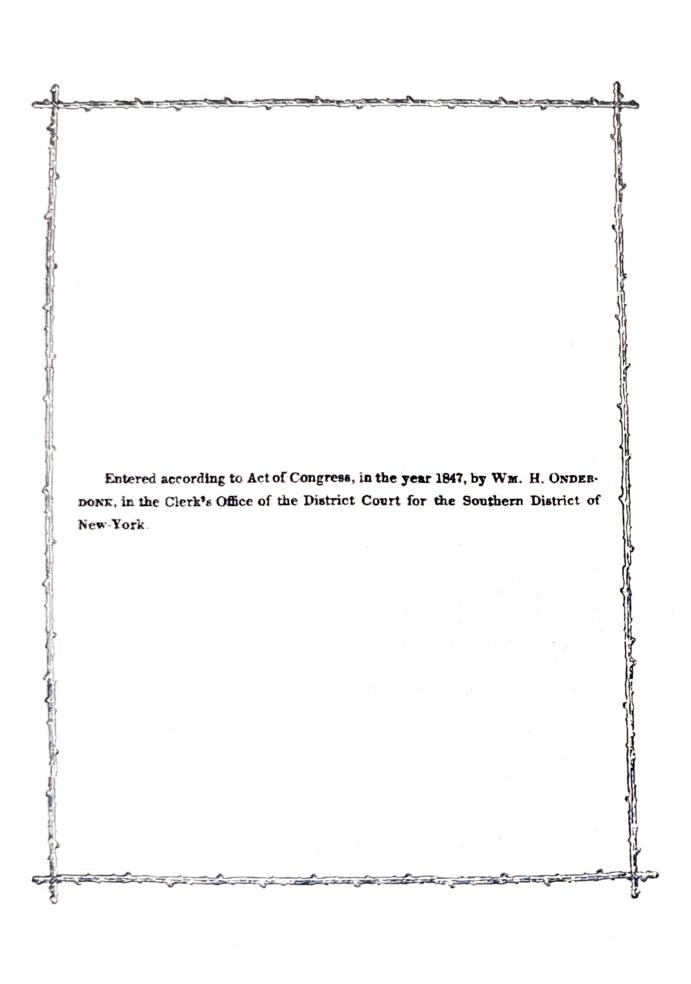
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY BOYD.

New = York:

SPALDING & SHEPARD,

189½ Broadway.

1849.



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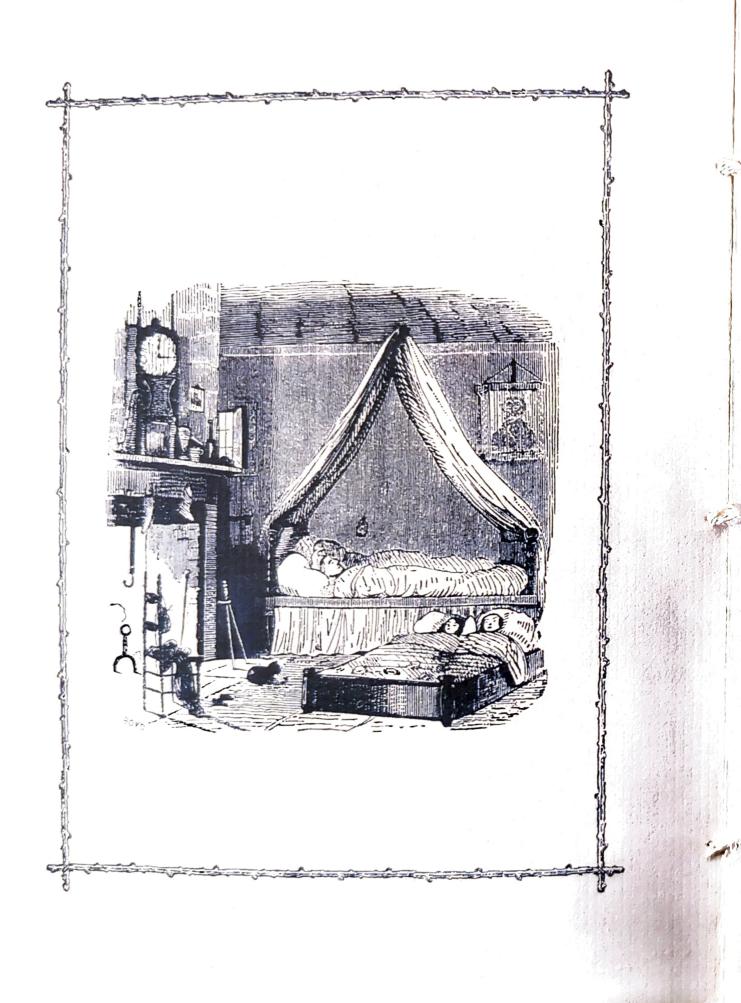
FOR

GOOD

## LITTLE BOYS

AND

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### VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.



WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap;



When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the
matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,

Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them
by name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!



- On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
- To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
- Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
- As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
- When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
- So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.
- And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
  The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
  As I drew in my head, and was turning
  around,



- Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
- He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
- And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
- A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
- And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack,
- His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
- His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
- His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
- And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

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The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a

wreath;

He had a broad face and a little round belly,

That shook when he laughed like a bowlfull

of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of
myself,

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
work,

And fill'd all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,



